

BIOGRAPHY  
of  
LAWRENCE BARRETT  
(1838-1891)

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COMPILED BY  
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

AND DELIVERED BEFORE  
THE MANUSCRIPT CLUB

PATERSON, N. J.

APRIL 2, 1947

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THE JOURNAL OF

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

CHICAGO, ILL.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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Dedicated to  
My Brother-in-law  
ALBERT J. TOMPKINS

Presented to Robert A. Mager.  
by

Wm. Cartwright.

At the age of 54,  
Wm Cartwright died, soon after  
giving this book. He was a loyal  
member of B.P.O.E. Patterson Elks #6  
N. J.



WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT at 45 in 1914

## P R E F A C E

The entire data in this volume is authentic and was gathered from the Public Libraries of Paterson, N. J. and New York City.

The inspiration to write this volume came from my association and friendly acquaintance with Mr. John R. Wilson, our late Superintendent of schools.

He informed me of his desire to secure a portrait of Lawrence Barrett, actor, whom the encyclopedia, in a brief paragraph, states was born in our home town of an Irish immigrant family, which at his birth consisted of his parents and brother Joseph.

With this desire to gratify my friend's wish and also to satisfy my own desire for further knowledge, I compiled these biographical and chronological facts.

Nowhere, in all the history of the American stage, can be found any record of another man who started life under circumstances so beset with privation and penury, as did Lawrence Barrett, and who achieved the eminence he eventually attained.

Absolutely without any theatrical background, but from an inborn determination to overcome all obstacles, no matter how many or great they were, he literally labored to the hour of his death.

Therefore, I hope you will accept this volume as an earnest effort to lift the name of Lawrence Barrett from obscurity to its rightful place among the great actors of the American Stage and especially to the attention of the citizens of Paterson.

## THE MANUSCRIPT CLUB, William Cartwright

Mr. James Gabelle, Author, Aritist and Poet, was the organizer of the Manuscript Club of Paterson, N. J., its principal object being to promote good fellowship among congenial spirits; to seek enrichment of life through stimulating intellectual and cultural contacts; to form a center for the encouragement of art, science and literature in the community and the surrounding region.

At the close of the regular monthly dinner meeting of the Manuscript Club, held on the first Wednesday in March 1947, at the Y.M.C.A. Building, I was assigned the task of entertaining its members at their next meeting April 2nd, 1947.

Following is a facsimile of the monthly invitation sent to our members.

"March 23, 1947.

### MANUSCRIPT CLUB

Dear Member:

The next meeting of the Manuscript Club will be held on **Wednesday, April 2, 1947, 6:30 P. M.** at the **Y.M.C.A., 128 Ward Street.**

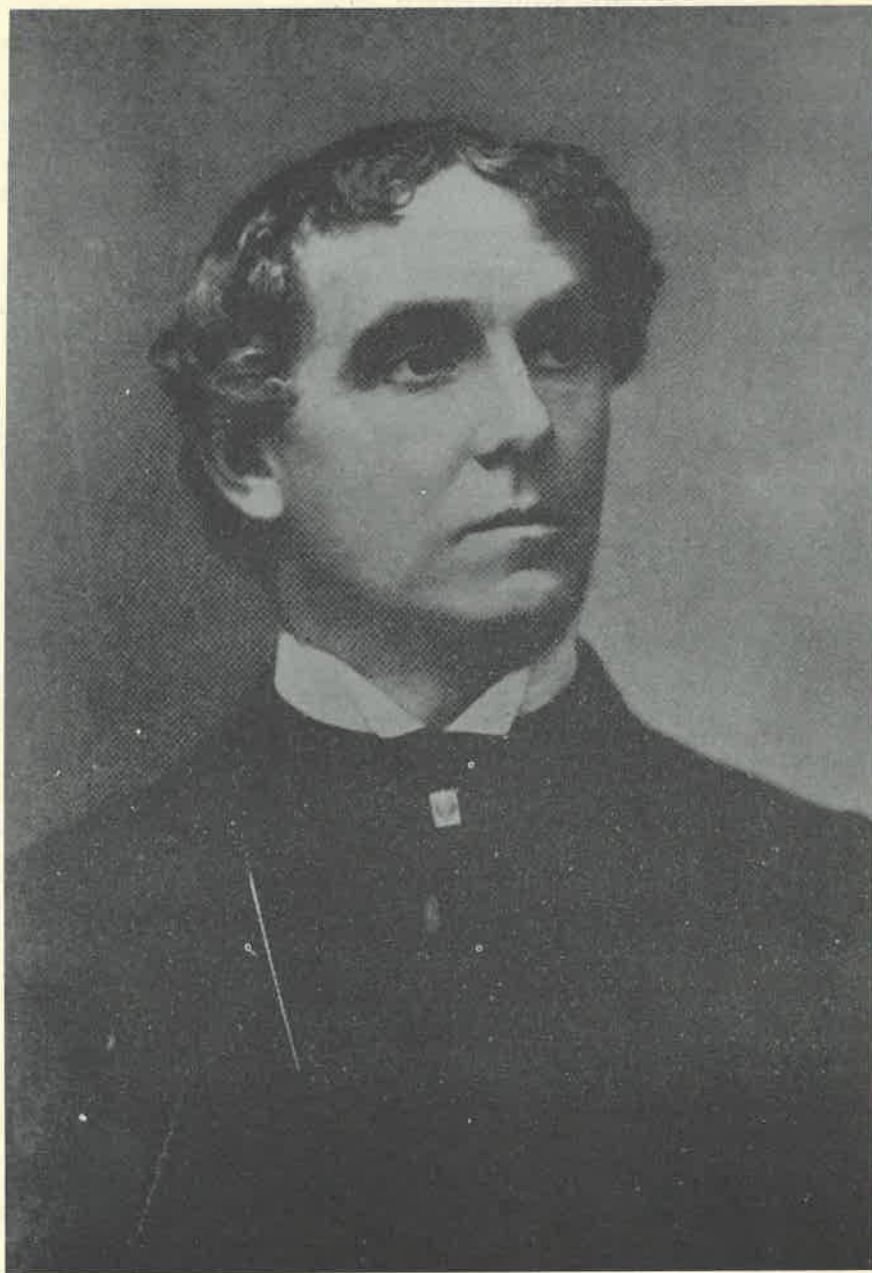
Our member, Mr. William Cartwright will be in charge of the program. He will give a biographical sketch of a celebrated actor who was born in the Dublin section of Paterson. Have you guessed who it is? Mr. Cartwright will also give, in his own inimitable fashion, the second scene, fourth act of **Julius Caesar**, known commonly as the 'quarrel scene'.

Do not miss this worth while program and be sure to let us know if you are planning to be present for the dinner. If you come after dinner, it is not necessary to let us know.

Sincerely yours,  
William C. Casperson, Pres.  
Leo R. Etzkorn, Sec.-Treas."

I chose for my subject matter the life of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the eminent tragedian.

The treatise (Quoted below) I gave at that time was necessarily brief, because of the time limit which was one hour or less. Since then, having had more time for research through the Paterson Public Library and the New York City Public Library, I have evolved this more extended Biographical and Chronological account of the great man's life.



LAWRENCE BARRETT

At the time of his birth his parents resided in what was then known as the "Dublin Section" of Paterson, because they who dwelt there were mostly composed of Irish emigrant families who migrated to that city, settled in that area and were employed in the locomotive works of Rogers, Cooke, Grant and Danforth and in the surrounding Silk, Cotton, Paper and Textile Machinery factories. This, the industrial heart of Paterson for many years, extended from Market Street on the north to Spruce Street and the Morris Canal on the west, by Barclay Street on the south and Spring Street on the east.

His father was a tailor by trade and, although his name was understood to be Brannigan, he always signed his name Thomas Barrett. His mother, a woman of excellent qualities of frugality and thrift, was anxious to give her children a good education so as to enable them to lead useful lives. It is said that she often left her household duties to carry Lawrence, who was sickly and feeble, to school in her arms. His health improved after the family moved to Detroit.

We know of four children besides Lawrence, namely, Joseph, who seems to have been the black sheep of the family, Lewis, who is recorded as being a member of his brother's theatrical company, then there is Kate and Bridget or "Molly".

He was born April 4, 1838 and, from the best information we can obtain, his christened name was Lawrence Patrick Barrett. The records of St. John's Cathedral, Paterson, do not appear prior to 1849. He was known from his first appearances in the Middle West before he was twenty years old as Lawrence Patrick Barrett. Only those envious of his great reputation ever called him Brannigan; he himself treated the matter lightly, saying, "They were both good old Irish names".

Nothing further is known of Lawrence Barrett until he was past thirteen, when being employed as an errand boy by a Detroit, Michigan, dry goods store, he evinced a great love for the theatre and often entertained his fellow workers by mounting a packing case and reciting a well known piece of prose or poetry. He once earned the displeasure of a store executive by an innocent bit of mimicry.

By persistence of purpose he finally obtained employment in the Metropolitan Theatre as call boy at \$2.50 per week; yet he became in due course of time, pre-eminently, the scholar of the American stage; thoroughly versed in English literature and an authority on the history of the stage. He

was an energetic manager, did much to encourage dramatic authorship and wrote a discriminating life of his friends, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth and Edwin Forrest.

His position at first was very humble, for his state was that of ignorance and penury. He possessed one book, and one only, a copy of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary bestowed upon him by a benevolent actor. This he treasured and, in after life, he related he was accustomed to gather the candle ends thrown away in the dressing rooms of the theatre and by such means obtained light so that he could study his treasure.

In his first speaking part he was letter perfect in his lines; but when he stepped upon the stage, the glare of the footlights, the presence of a large audience in front and the novelty of the situation, utterly blinded and confused him, memory was a dead blank, and he was compelled to retire amid the laughter and hisses of the "Gods".

For the next three months young Barrett could not speak a line of his parts and was always pushed off the stage in disgrace. Time after time the irate manager ordered him from the theatre, but he would not be discharged, and was finally tolerated as a nuisance, that could not be abated. In time, however, he mastered his stage fright.

In the season of 1853 he was cast for a small part as "Murad" in the French Spy, and later he was entrusted with other minor characters. Next we find him, no doubt through lack of funds and the desire for further knowledge, employed in the office of the Detroit Daily Times; and the veteran editor remembers him "as a precocious" gentlemanly little fellow, full of sentiment, poetry and ambition.

He then obtained an engagement in Pittsburgh and there for two years he acted in a stock company supporting visiting stars. One of these was the beautiful blonde, Miss Julia Dean, about whom the lads and lassies were delirious with admiration. In her Company he visited various Western towns - on one occasion acting Sir Thomas Clifford to her Julia in the "Hunchback", a play at that time highly esteemed.

In 1857 he determined to try his fortune in New York City and, after literally starving, finally secured an engagement to support Mrs. Dennis McMahon, who had an idea she was destined for a brilliant career in professional ranks, but which illusion was quickly disproved. As Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" the star was harshly criticized, but the Claude Melnotte - lean of figure and haggard of face - was highly praised.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON as RIP VAN WINKLE

During this four weeks engagement which took place at William E. Burtons on 23rd Street, afterwards known as the Winter Garden, Lawrence Barrett played Ingomar, Armand Duval, Claude Melnotte and the Stranger. He was then engaged by Burton and on March 2nd, 1857, appeared at the Winter Garden as Matthew Bates in Douglas Jerrold's comedy "Time Tries All".

It was then that he first met Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman and acted with them, also with William E. Burton, Charles Matthews and other distinguished players. Three months later Barrett supported Edwin Booth, only recently returned from California, at the Winter Garden. This was followed by two seasons as leading man of the Boston Museum and an engagement with E. L. Davenport at the Howard Atheneum.

It was during his engagement with the Boston Museum Company that an amusing incident occurred. Joseph Jefferson and Lawrence Barrett had become close friends. Jefferson, who was nine years older than Barrett and already a man of family - while out walking together - turned to Barrett and said "Lawrence, you're in love". Barrett, startled for the moment, said "How do you know?" Well, said Joe, "That's the third silk waistcoat you've had on today". Silk embroidered waistcoats were much in vogue at that time. Was it Mark Twain who said "In all this world there is nothing so obvious as a man in love".

At Boston, September 4th, 1859, Lawrence Barrett married Miss Mary F. Mayer, daughter of Phillip J. and Mary Mayer of that city and she with three daughters survived him. Edith, who married Marshall Perry Williams; Mary Agnes who became the wife of Baron Von Roder, and Gertrude who married Joseph Anderson, the brother of Mary Anderson. Of his grandchildren two have followed his profession, Edith, daughter of his daughter Edith and Lawrence son of his daughter Gertrude. Miss Mayer's mother was a confectioner, whose store was directly opposite the Boston Museum where Barrett was employed.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Barrett enlisted at the first call and attained the rank of Captain in Company B, Massachusetts Regiment from October 1861 to 1863. Following his discharge from the Army, Barrett played engagements in Washington and Philadelphia; one of the latter being in support of Edwin Booth, who made Barrett an offer to play opposite parts in an important engagement at the Winter Garden, New York. At the same time, however, came a proposition from Lewis Baker to join in the management of the New Orleans Theatre and, inasmuch as Barrett was

himself ambitious to try the great tragedy roles, he decided to accept Baker's offer.

The season at New Orleans Varieties began in the Fall of 1863 and lasted 30 weeks, during which time Barrett played Richelieu, Hamlet and Shylock, his great triumph, however, being Elliot Gray in Lester Wallacks "Rosedale". Unfortunately the season was brought to an untimely close by the burning of the theatre.

Barrett started forth as a star in "Rosedale" opening at Pikes Peak Opera House in the Fall of 1864 and continued on tour through the season of 1865-66.

In 1867 he acted a single week in Liverpool, England, and on February 18th, 1868, began the presentation of "Hamlet" an eleven week's engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. His next move was to enter into partnership with John McCullough in the management of the California Theatre, which season began in 1869 and lasted 20 months.

The summer of 1870 saw the real turning point in Lawrence Barrett's life. In the course of a starring engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York, an elaborate production of "Julius Caesar" was made, with Barrett as Cassius. E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Walter Montgomery as Mark Antony and Mark Smith as Casca. As the lean and hungry "Cassius" Barrett made an extraordinary impression.

In December 1870 Barrett joined Edwin Booth at his theater on 23rd Street, playing opposite to him for four months. On June 5th, 1871, he acted as "Harebell" in the "The Man O'Airlie" for the first time.

In December 1871 he was once more a manager in New Orleans, where the "Coquettes" was produced, but returned to New York City soon after to appear with Edwin Booth in a spectacular production of "Julius Caesar".

On March 4th, 1872, Barrett acted as Hamlet in New Orleans, but mismanagement during his absence from the New Varieties Theatre, cost Barrett nearly Sixty Thousand dollars and several years of hard work to cancel his debts.

During the Summer of 1873, Barrett acted in San Francisco and the season of 1873-4 was passed as a Star in the standard Tragedies. On December 27th came another revival of "Julius Caesar" at Booth's Theatre, New York, with Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Frank

5

C. Bangs as Mark Antony, Milnes Levick as Julius Caesar, H. K. Weaver as Casca, Mary Wells as Portia and Rosa Rand as Calphurnia.

On October 11th, 1877, Lawrence Barrett produced in Cincinnati William Dean Howell's "Counterfeit Presentment". The following year at the Park Theatre, New York, "Yoricks Love" adapted by William Dean Howell's from the Spanish had its first appearance.

In its issue of November 11th, 1879, the Cincinnati Daily Gazette states:

"Though Mr. Barrett's acting in the character of Yorick deserved high praise before, it was a pleasure to see last night how much he had improved upon his earlier conception of it. At every sentence one felt the new power which the player possessed over the thoughts he designed to express. The clearness in the utterance of the words was no novelty. That is something he has taught us to expect from him at all times. Nor was there any imposing change in the general method that prevailed before in the conduct of the play. But the rapidly changing moods of the character were more perfectly defined. The mind of Yorick was like an open book in which were to be read all the vague doubts, the growing suspicions, the intense passions that are developed in the course of the tragedy. The distinctness was best exemplified, perhaps, in that remarkable scene where Yorick, with all the dexterity which his training upon the stage had given him, seeks for the proof of his jealous suspicions. With what address he penetrates the souls of the guilty Edward and Alice, causing them by their gestures of shame and grief to confess what they force themselves to deny with their lips; nor is he less skillful in working upon the arrogant, yet envious Walton. Entreaties and threats prove of no avail. When these are found to be useless, the jealous man becomes a tormentor, and goads his companions to fury by his taunts, and thus obtains what he sought. In the last scene the twining of passions of the play with those of the interact is rendered most effective. That vivacity which belongs to Yorick as an actor and man of genius seems everywhere adapted to Mr. Barrett's own temperament. The exquisite modeling he has given to the personage created by the dramatist is another instance not only of his talent, but of the study which he undertakes to make the words he is to speak altogether his own".

"Pendragon" by William Young, was produced in Chicago on December 5th, 1881, and Bokar's "Francesca Da Rimini" in Philadelphia on Sept. 14th, 1882.

In its issue of February 19th, 1884, the St. Louis Republican states:



L. DAVENPORT as BRUTUS

"Like Forrest, Barrett owes himself to himself, but with this difference — Forrest's physique first brought him into notice and prominence, while Barrett had to work solely with his brain. His progress was slow, but the recognition has come. Lawrence Barrett possesses more general culture - all of his own getting - than any actor on the stage, either in England or America. He is a scholar, self-made - capable of entertaining and instructing professional teachers in their own department of knowledge - and he is a grand ornament of his own chosen profession, which he has done so much to elevate and adorn. For these things he has done, and what he is, he is entitled to special honor".

In the April 1884 issue of the Century Magazine, George Edgar Montgomery states:

"Not long ago - it was during the last performance of Mr. Boker's play, 'Francesca Da Rimini', at the Star Theatre, New York - Mr. Barrett made a brief speech, in which he laid stress upon the fact that he had done something to encourage the American drama. That is perfectly true, and it is also noteworthy. Mr. Barrett has helped forward the drama and the dramatists of our country, just as Mr. Forrest helped them years ago. That is noteworthy, because Mr. Barrett is quite alone in what I may be permitted to call his literary work. Mr. Edwin Booth apparently cares nothing for new plays, nor for the American play-writers. Mr. McCullough uses the American plays that Forrest used, and other plays by Payne, Sheridan Knowles and Shakespeare; he has, I believe, purchased two or three American dramas, but only to send them back to their authors. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. McCullough lack, apparently, a certain creative instinct - the desire to bring fresh and salient characters upon the stage. Mr. Barrett, happily, does not lack this instinct. He is even a much more potent force among the American dramatists than Mr. Irving is, among the English dramatists. Mr. Irving is not afraid to produce, occasionally, a play by Mr. Wills, or by the Laureate, yet he has given, after all little encouragement to the English writers of dramas. Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, has taken pains to establish his reputation in novel and experimental works, like the "Man O'Air-lie", "Dan'l Druce", "Yoricks Love", "Pendragon", and "Francesca Da Rimini". Three of these dramas were written by Americans, and all three were worthy of more respect than one is inclined to offer to many new plays which are now popular. The selection and production of such dramas show, lucidly, that Mr. Barrett has a fine literary sense, a proper regard for the duty that an actor of distinction owes to the contemporary writers, and a moral courage with which actors are not commonly gifted".

In the May 10th, 1884, issue of the Illustrated London News, George Augustus Sala States:

"Mr. Lawrence Barrett's "Richelieu" is splendidly sufficing. He does not give a tumultuous and Boanerges-lunged version of the character. He does not rant, but when the occasion demands it, as in the famous "Curse of Rome" passage, he rises to the required height of passionate energy. He displays from beginning to end wonderful versatility and elasticity of mind, passing from phase to phase of the many-sided character without any sudden jerks or spasmodic transitions. He is alternately, and always in perfect naturalness, the inflexible, unscrupulous, and implacable despot of France, whose ambition has decimated her nobility, but whose politic and beneficent administration has raised her from beggary to prosperity; the affectionate protector of Julie; the kindly patron of Friar Joseph; the dry humorist; the astute expert in diplomacy and statecraft; the poetaster full of literary vanity; the broken-down and almost dying valetudinarian, and ultimately the lion at bay, turning on his foes and triumphantly rendering them. I cannot look upon Mr. Lawrence Barrett's impersonation of "Richelieu" as a "conventional" one; because I do not know what the convention is in this case.

I have seen "Richelieu" who roared and "Richelieus" who raved, some that grimaced and grinned, and others that maundered, and not a few that were dismally didactic. I find in Mr. Lawrence Barrett a Richelieu who shrinks from exaggeration, whose elocution is perfect, whose action is poetically graceful, and who never forgets that Arman Jean du Plessis - why on earth did Lord Lytton make him call himself, "Arman Richelieu"? - was a gentleman of long descent and of the highest breeding.

In its November 25th, 1884 issue the Chicago Inter-Ocean states:

"Lanciotto becomes a great character under the masterly treatment of Mr. Barrett. It is a noble soul cramped in an ignoble case that drives Lanciotto upon the breakers of destiny. There is a purity, a loftiness, a womanly delicacy of nature behind that misshapen trunk, which the brunt of battle, the scoff of malice, and the slights of happy fortune have not hardened, nor sullied, nor degraded. The soul is above its condition, and in the fiercest hour of its trial slays its wronger, not as the act of mad vengeance, but as a sorrowful deed of justice, the doing of which is the one relief of its heavy shame for the sin of others. It is an ideal character, truly, but for all that it is wonderfully human, and it is acted with wonderful fidelity to its poetic compromise between the real and the desirable qualities, disposition

of man. In the stress of widely originating but closely converging emotions the character is exceptionally fine. It is at once heroic and tender, daring and enduring, savage and docile, violent and loving, morbid and yet just, true and generous. From the humiliation and agony of self-despite to the mad rapture of free accepted love, from the sting of a bitter fool's malicious jest to the sweet balm of a trusted brother's love, from faith to doubt, from suspicion to despair, this creature whose love has been crowded back upon his heart from the four corners of the earth is borne along by the impulse of unkindly fate, but moves all times, pitiful and sympathetic, with the inner character shining beautifully clear, nobly true. That Mr. Barrett defines these various phases with just the degree of feeling each requires, with its due proportion of art and nature, its quality of sentiment and its measure of force, must, we think, be admitted by all who observe him with heart as well as with intelligence. He superbly reveals the character in its light and darkness of emotional being. He shows the greater sensitiveness that makes the judgment shift its place and the greater truth that makes self unworthy when rooted faith is torn from its embrace, with a skill and power and completeness that keeps company only with that true fire of heaven, the genius of intelligence. It is in the introspective character of the work that Mr. Barrett is chiefly admirable. No one for a moment would question his dramatic ability, and there is no more reason to question his interpretive power. His action, indeed, is so exquisitely tempered by the art of expression, and so appreciably warmed by sincere feeling, that it is a window through which one may look beyond the actor upon the conception, upon the ideal, and one which has this happy privilege is truly to be pitied if he stands without to trouble himself with what defects he can find in the man. Mr. Barrett was fully enough complimented last evening. Applause was frequent, and on one occasion the actor was four times recalled, but he received no greater distinction than his performance merited.

During the succeeding seasons Barrett played Cassius with Booth and others so often that he became firmly established as the leading representative of that Roman Hero on the American stage. His Cassius, in fact, is the Shakesperian part by which he became best known in his own day and by which he is best remembered.

In the Seventies and Eighties he starred in the principal American cities and his many tours covered practically the entire country. All the standard plays of that era had become part of his repertoire, which he did his best to enlarge, especially, Browning's "A Blot on the Scutcheon" in 1884. An English version of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" in 1885 and, within a few months of his death, Oscar Wilde's "Guido Ferranti" in 1891.

It will be noted that all these are poetic plays, far removed in scenes from any association from their time of acting, but, in presenting them, he was simply following the rule of the American Theatre - the time had not yet come when the Stage was to be a reflection of the spirit and life of the moment.

During Henry Irving's first visit to this country, Lawrence Barrett took over the actor's London Lyceum Theatre for seven weeks in the Spring of 1884, and, although his engagement was not a financial success, he was the recipient of many social attentions, including a banquet given in his honor.

The final stage of his career began in 1885, when he entered into partnership with Edwin Booth, which continued until his death six years later.

The Booth-Barrett campaign in 1885 yielded a net revenue the first season of \$600,000. Of this incredible sum Edwin Booth took 50%, Lawrence Barrett 40% and Arthur Chase 10%. When Barrett was in financial doldrums, Chase came to his rescue with a timely loan. He was admitted to the Booth-Barrett fold on a ten percent basis, ostensibly for his services in providing an advantageous route, but the real explanation of it was Barrett's desire to pay a debt of gratitude. Thus Chase earned \$60,000 in about thirty or forty weeks because he had once been accommodating to a man who could appreciate the spirit that prompted a friendly and helpful action.

Acting leading parts, and taking the entire burden of business details upon his own shoulders during the season of 1886-87 they toured separately under Barrett's direction. Their first tour began in Buffalo September 12th, 1887, Booth appearing as Brutus and Barrett as Cassius, and their repertory including "The Merchant of Venice", King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, The Taming of the Shrew, Don Caesar de Bazan and Richelieu.

Barrett played Bassanio, Leartes, MacDuff, De Maurprat and David Garrick. They alternated Othello and Iago. When the famous testimonial of Hamlet was given to Lester Wallack in the Metropolitan Opera House May 21st, 1888, Barrett played the Ghost, with Booth as Hamlet, Helena Modjeska as Ophelia and Joseph Jefferson as the first grave digger.

While Booth was touring with Helena Modjeska the following season, Barrett sought relief in Europe from Granuloma trouble in the throat that had been slowly coming upon him.

To some actors nature and circumstances are early prodigal of fortune; to others it is sternly indifferent. Edwin Booth, for example, though his private life was darkened with much affliction, was, in his public career

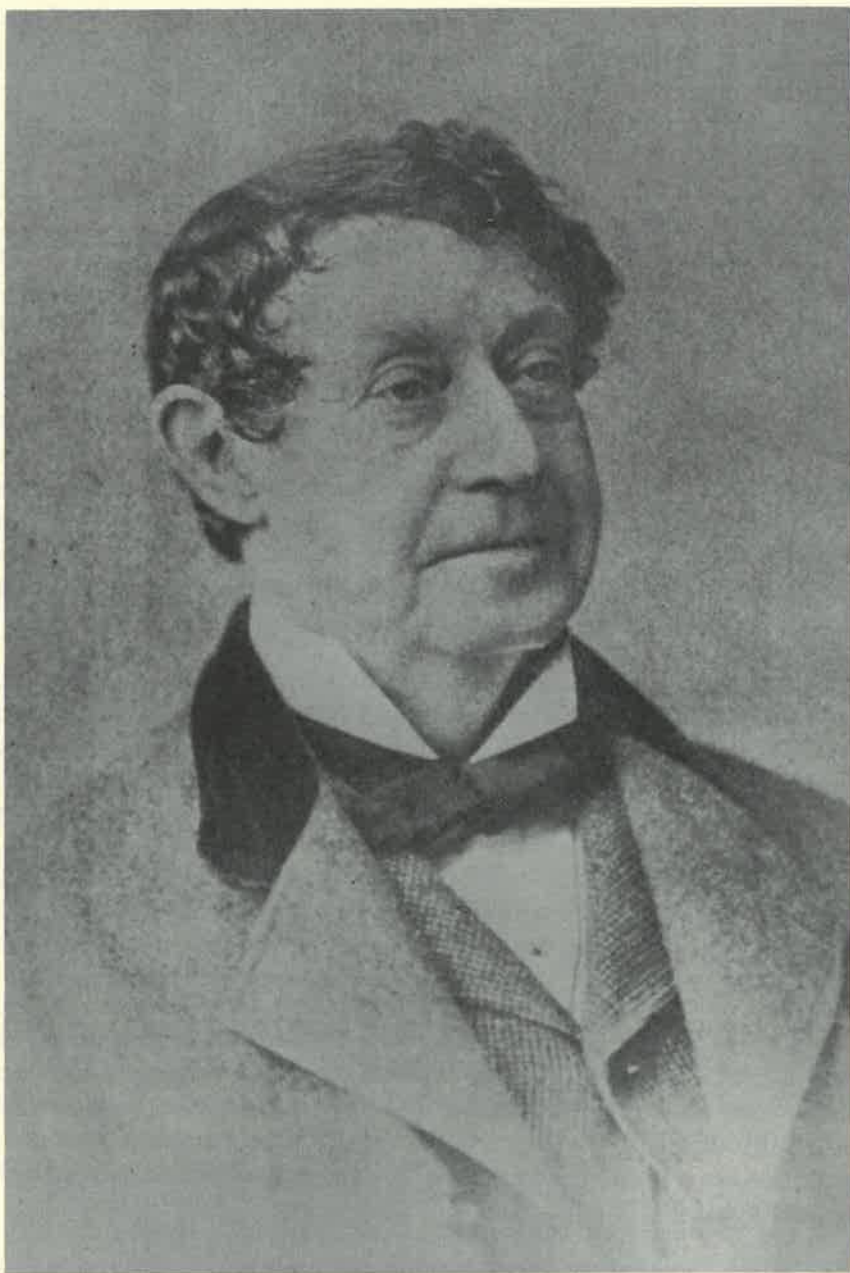
from the beginning, greatly favored. All things, even his hardships in the early California segment of his experience - concurred to expedite his upward progress.

Lawrence Barrett, on the contrary was afforded no initiatory advantages. Nothing was ever done for him by any one and, until a late period in his life, little or nothing was ever yielded to him without begrudgement. He nevertheless made his way to eminence in the dramatic profession. He developed and cultivated his mind. He acquired learning. He gained the friendship of many of the leading men of his time - attracting such diverse spirits as James A. Garfield, Mark Hanna, Alma Tadema, Bayard Taylor, Phillip Brooks and Robert Browning. He gave practical encouragement to the composition of plays and, with the exception of Henry Irving, he surpassed every contemporary actor in the earnest, diligent, laborious promotion of every effort to augment the virtuous power and dignity of the stage. His life was one of restless ambition, nervous excitement, incessant struggle and unsparing labor and he passed away a worn out man at the age of 53. But he won a noble fame and he left a beautiful memory.

Barrett was the cause of mirth in others, but seldom figured as its victim. Once, however, when Louis James was acting Brutus to his Cassius he had this experience. Brutus toward the close of the first act of Julius Caesar - grasping his hand and fervently ejaculating "Till then my friend chew upon this" left in his hand a large plug of chewing tobacco, neatly enclosed in gleaming silver foil - holding out which trophy, Barrett as Cassius had to deliver the lines that closed the act.

Less than a week before Mr. Barrett's death, a young man called on him in quest of an engagement. Mr. Barrett said there was a vacancy in his Company and asked the actor with what Companies he had played. "I supported Fred Warde one season" began the visitor. "Pardon me" said Mr. Barrett, "Don't say Fred Warde". Speak more respectfully of your fellow actors. If you would be a Shakesperian actor, pray cultivate dignity off the stage as well as on. You will be better in every way. Mr. Barrett was quite right. Familiarity nowhere breeds contempt quicker than in the acting profession. Manners have their place in the actors life, even after the footlights are extinguished.

William Winter says of him. Lawrence Barrett when a young man came to Boston and acted at the Boston Museum, founded and then managed by Moses Kimball, and there I first saw him act, little dreaming that



WILLIAM WARREN

he would one day become an intimate friend of mine and that I should be closely associated with him in some of the most important events and interesting episodes of his professional career. He was then only twenty years old, but he had already been on the stage six years. Speaking to him in after years about that period of his career, he told me that he was very poor, that he had accepted in a sort of desperation an engagement to act the entire line of leading parts at the Museum "Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Charles Surface, Harry Dornton" without being equipt with a dress for any of them and he was placed in a distressing dilemma, because, required to provide his own costumes. William Warren, the eminent comedian, was then and continued to be the principal member of the Museum Company. Warren saw that I was in trouble (so Barrett said) and spoke to me about it. I told him of my situation - that I had neither costumes nor money with which to buy them. He led me to Mr. Curtis, the Costumer, the actor who played "Old Men" in our Company and he said "Let Barrett have all the dresses he needs and I will be responsible for the bill. I obtained the clothes I wanted and was able to keep my engagement. And in time I paid for all. William Warren passed his declining years as a permanent guest at the Summer home of Lawrence Barrett in Cohasset, Mass.

In stature Lawrence Barrett was slightly above middle height, his figure was thin, his hair originally dark brown was sprinkled with silver, his glance was quick, eager and comprehensive. His voice was of extraordinary compass and was sonorous in its wide range of expression - extremely various, deeply sympathetic and at times pathetically sweet. To see him on the stage was to witness thoroughly efficient visualizations of many of the greatest dramatic characters. His features were of classic mold, his eyes were dark, deeply sunken, alert with mental significance, his bearing dignified and graceful, and both on and off the stage he gave the impression of a man of dominant personality and exceptional intellectual power.

Barrett was at his best in the presentation of denunciation of the stinging, biting, intensive type, in depicting passion vehement and active and anger suppressed, but struggling for an outlet. Barrett bore himself all his life with an air of positiveness that many found repellent. Yet he was a simple man withal, a man whose intense desire was to be understood and appreciated.

Austin Dobson, the English Poet and Biographer, who likened Barrett's protean versatility with that of Richard Burbage, the original creator of Shakesperian characters, with this delightful poem:

## TO LAWRENCE BARRETT

When Burbage played the stage was bare  
Of font and temple tower and stair;  
Two backswords eked a battle out,  
Two supers made a battle rout,  
The throne of Denmark was a chair;  
And yet no less the audience there  
Thrilled through all stages of despair,  
Hope, anger, fear, delight and doubt  
When Burbage played.  
This the actors gift - to share  
All moods, all passions, not to care  
One whit for scene, so he without  
Can lead men's mind the roundabout,  
Stirred as of old those hearers were  
When Burbage played:

In its issue of December 29th, 1885, William Winter of the New York Tribune states:

"There are very few tragic actors of our time, and among them the most ambitious and the most active spirit, on the American side of the Atlantic, is Lawrence Barrett. One proof of this is the fact that no season is allowed to pass in his professional experience without the production of a new character, to augment and strengthen his already extensive repertory. Mr. Barrett has not restricted himself to Hamlet, Richelieu, and the usual line of "star" parts. Long ago he brought out "The Man O' Airlie" and gave a noble and pathetic personation of Harebell. More recently he presented himself as Yorick, in the tragedy of "Yorick's Love" made by Mr. W. D. Howells, on the basis of the Spanish original. His revival of Mr. Boker's "Francesca Da Rimini", three years ago, is remembered as one of the most important dramatic events of this period. His production of Mr. Young's tragedy of "Pendragon" in which he acted King Arthur with brilliant ability and fine success, gave practical evidence of a liberal desire to encourage American dramatic literature. Within a brief period he has restored to the Robert Browning's superb tragedy, "A Blot on the Scutcheon".

Last season he resumed Shakespeare's "Benedick" and brought out the charming little drama of the "King's Pleasure"; and early in the present season he effected a fine revival of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the "Wonder". Mr. Barrett's range of characters is, in fact, remarkable. Among

the parts acted by him as Cassius, Hamlet, Richard III, Shylock, Benedick, Richelieu, Don Felix, Alfred Evelyn, Raphael (in the "Marble Heart"), Yorick, James Harebell, Lord Tresham, Gringoire, David Garrick, Lanciotto, Claude Melnotte, and Cardinal Wolsey. He has, of course, played many other parts.

When he was at Booth's Theatre, years ago, he acted King Lear, and when he was associated with Charlotte Cushman, he acted Macbeth. He was the first in this city to impersonate Dan'l Druce, and he is the only representative of Leontes (in "A Winter's Tale") who is remembered by the present generation of play-goers.

This enumeration will readily suggest to experienced judges the prodigious labor and the astonishing variety of talents and accomplishments - exerted through many years with strenuous zeal and patient devotion - that were necessarily involved in the actor's achievement of his present high position and bright renown. To-night Mr. Barrett has taken another important step in his professional career, making a sumptuous revival of Victor Hugo's romantic drama of "Hernani", and winning new laurels by his impersonation of its central character. Of the three men, Don Carlos, Don Leo and Hernani, who love the heroine of this drama, each is in a different way, noble. It would be difficult to decide which is the noblest, but the character of Don Leo is the most substantial and complex of the three. He has the most of mind, the most of passion, and the most of the capacity to feel and suffer. Youth, when it loves, is often enamored of itself. Manhood, when love strikes it in its full maturity, worships its object with a desperate idolatry. Don Leo proved equal to great trials and a stern test of honor, but he cannot rise to the supreme height of the final sacrifice. This part was played by Macready when "Hernani" was acted at Drury Lane in 1831, and its opportunities are certainly great. Lawrence Barrett, however, has elected to play "Hernani", and he carried it tonight with splendid dash and touching fervor. The sonorous elocution was almost wholly discarded in favor of a vehement, impulsive delivery, and at such points as the challenge to Carlos, the reproach of Zartze and the avowal of the outlaw's royal station he spoke and acted with the true eloquence of heart, and he evoked a tumult of sincere public applause. The revival of "Hernani" was brilliantly effected and it will endure."

The issue of February 13th, 1886 of the New York Critic states:

"This sense of the dignity of his calling is doubtless the motive which has inspired and supported him amid all trials and difficulties, and enabled

him now to enjoy, not only substantial pecuniary reward, but the sweets of gratified ambition. His material prosperity affords matter for general congratulation, as it is a complete refutation of the stale and stupid slander, the sole refuge of ignorant managers, that the public cannot appreciate and will not support dramatic entertainments of a high order.

Each of Mr. Barrett's engagements in this city in recent years has been signalized by the production of some play unfamiliar to the ordinary theatre-goers and of positive value. "Francesca Da Rimini" was an experiment which few managers would have risked, and the "Blot on the Scutcheon" was a piece of which the ordinary manager had probably never heard. If he had heard of it, he would have jeered at any proposal to play it. Mr. Barrett, however, thought it would be appreciated, and the result of the performance abundantly justified his opinion. Then he presented the "King's Pleasure", a most dainty and delightful bit of fancy, which met with instant approval. This year he has revived "Hernani", Hugo's romantic tragedy, which is certainly a novelty to most of the rising generation, and has again scored an indisputable success."

In the August 3rd, 1886 issue of the New York Tribune, William Winter states:

"Lawrence Barrett, in Yorick is adequate at every point, and he gives a noble and touching performance. His ideal of the comic actor, who deeply feels the serious aspect of life and would like to play tragedy, is especially right and fine in this respect, among others, that it is precisely the sort of man whom a commonplace young woman( and most young women, both in plays and out of them, are commonplace) would like, but could neither love nor understand. The gentle humility of a fine nature is expressed by him with a certain sweet and natural self-depreciation, so that Yorick is made very wistful, and he would be almost forlorn but for his guileless trust and his blithe, eager, child-like spirit. An ordinary girl would be flattered by the love of such a man, and would be quite content with him, as long as she did not love somebody else. The pitiable character of this disparity is especially enforced, though indirectly - which is all the better art - by the free play, the abandonment, that is given by the actor to an honest, confiding, simple, happy heart. Yorick, to be sure, is made to talk too much when his hour of trial, and misery comes; but that is the fault of the writer and not the actor. Sorrow speaks little. Macduff, in one of the great master's scenes, simply "pulls his cap upon his brows".

Had Lawrence Barrett never before now shown himself to be a true artist, a deep student of human nature, a superb executant of dramatic

effect, he would have proved his noble worth and signal power by one effort he made last night - by the splendid self-control and the refined art which, throughout the verbose second act of this tragedy, he subordinated copious declamation to intense feeling. Often before now he has played this part; never, surely, with such wisely-tempered ardor and judicious while brilliant force. It is an exploit not only delightful in itself but very valuable as an example".

The November 1886 issue of the *Shakespearean* states:

"As for the Jew, him we have and he is worth our gaze. Tall moving with slow strength across the boards in front of the scene that does duty for the Rialto, standing in a quietude almost statuesque in its pose, robed in his black Jewish gaberdine bordered with red, and marked with a red cross on the elbow, a black and yellow cap on his gray, bent head, his richly jewelled hands betraying the nervous eagerness of his nature as they clutch and twine upon his long knotted staff, with the withdrawn look of his strong featured face, and the reserved intelligence dwelling in his eyes, Lawrence Barrett's Shylock, it may be seen, wants neither dignity nor originality. The shabby meanness which he avoids in his dress he also avoids in his conduct and speech.

Mr. Barrett also pictures before us a Shylock who restrains his eagerness this side of tumultuousness, by so much the more heightening his intensity; who retains a dignity of old age in his outward guise and the dignity of a rooted purpose too wise to unfold itself abruptly in the growing tightening of suspense in the trial scene.

It is, in a word, Mr. Barrett's glory in this part to have given us that Shakesperian refinement and truth of characterization which permits us to understand and appreciate the peculiar justification and temptation the man had whose deed is yet repulsive and condemnable."

The last scene of Mr. Barrett's life was inexpressibly pathetic. He ventured far, he had incurred heavy responsibilities. Anxiety preyed upon his mind and continuous toil exhausted his body. His last appearance on the stage was made at the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 18, 1891, as DeMauprat in "Richelieu", Edwin Booth as Cardinal. Barrett came early to the Theatre and went to the dressing room and, without removing his hat or overcoat, seated himself, tilted his chair against the wall and covered his face. Thus Booth found him; ill, dejected, suffering yet resolute. He had momentarily broken down and had been crying, but he recovered himself and insisted that the performance should proceed. At the end of the third act when the Cardinal was lying on the bed simulating death, he bent over

Booth and whispered "I cannot go on". Another player had to take his place and so for Lawrence Barrett the last curtain fell. The next day Booth called to see him at the Windsor Hotel. "Do not come near me Edwin" he said for my disease may be contagious and you must be careful". A few hours later he died. Lawrence Barrett was buried in the shore town of Cohasset, Massachussetts, where his family had made their Summer home for many years and where his father and mother are buried; so near to the ocean waves that they almost break over his grave with their mournful music as his perpetual dirge.

William Winter said of him "I looked upon him in death and saw in his pallid emaciated face the tranquil beauty of perfect rest. All the turmoil was over, all the pain had passed away and, reading the name on the casket, I thought of Wordsworth's touching apostrophe:

Thou Soul of Gods last earthly mould,  
Thou happy soul! And can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold,  
Are all that must remain of thee.

As a closing climax to the meeting, Mr. Cartwright delivered in a realistic manner the following scene from "Julius Caesar"; after which Mr. Robert Williams proposed a rising vote of thanks; which was given unanimously.

#### JULIUS CAESAR, ACT 4, SCENE 2

Cas. (R. C.) That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,  
Wherein, my letters praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. (C.) You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. Remember March - the ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake.  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers - shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much, trash, as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.  
Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.  
Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further:

Bru. Away, slight man!  
Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. Ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. (Nearer) All this? ay, more! - Fret till your proud heart break.-  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble: Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? - by the gods  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth - yea, for my laughter -  
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well; for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus,  
I said, an elder soldier not a better:  
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love:  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means;  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me; Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: - He was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. - Brutus hath rived my heart;  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;



LAWRENCE BARRETT as CASSIUS

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. (R. C.) A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. (L. C.) Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brothers;  
Checked like a bondman: all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! - there is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
Oh, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

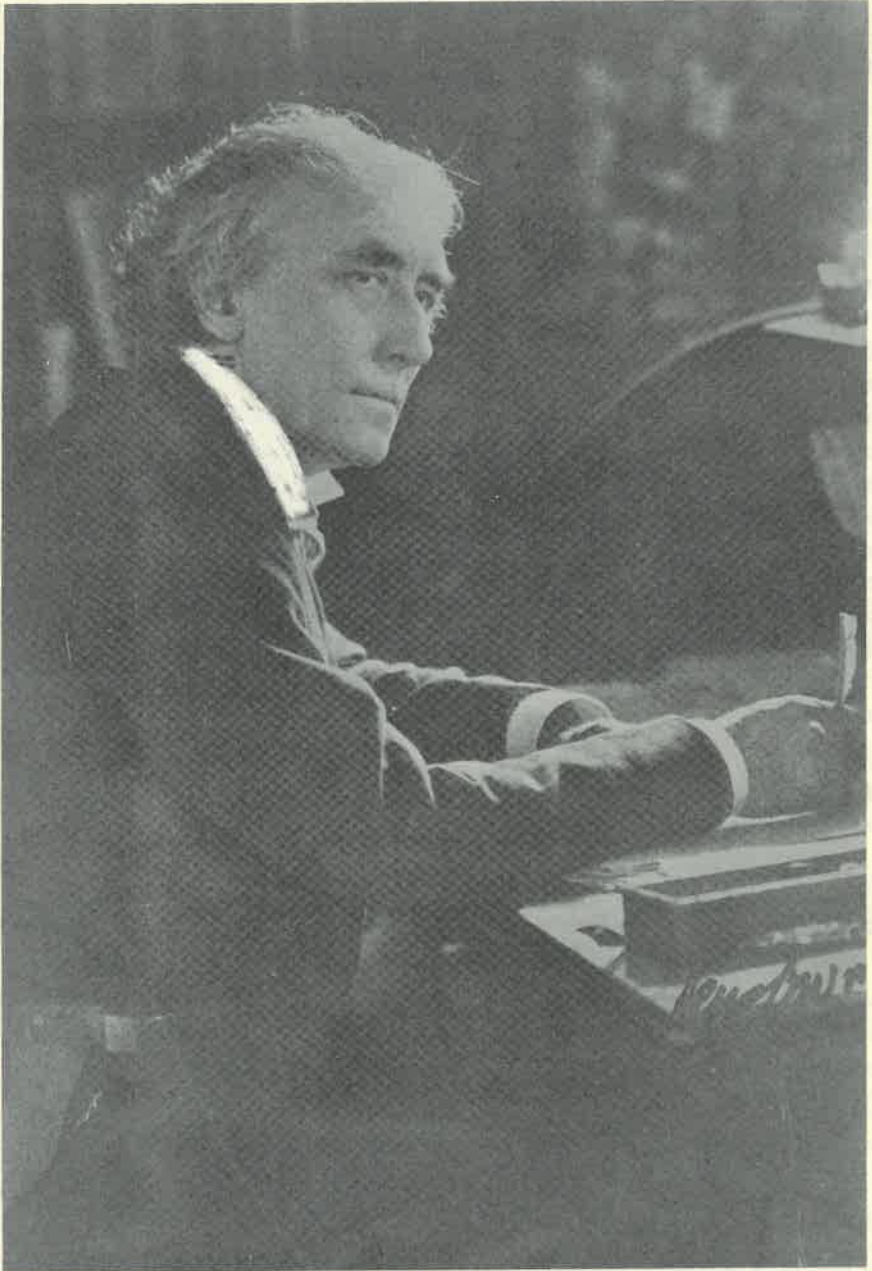
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. (Both embrace, C.) And my heart too.

Cas. Oh, Brutus! -

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,



HENRY IRVING

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides and leave you so. -

The following named members and friends of the Manuscript Club were present at the April 2nd meeting:

Robert Cartwright, Wilton Cartwright, William Delhagen, Henry De Meester, Chas. J. Elsaesser, Leo R. Etzkorn, Gaetano Federici, Al J. Flynn, John Gimmel, Louis Ginsberg, D. Stanton Hammond, George J. Hattersley, Fred Hoelscher, John S. Lacz, Stanley C. Mortlock, David Polowe, Max Raisin, Filbert L. Rosenstein, Ralph P. Ross, Robert Savage, Henry P. Schoonyoung, Harry D. Smith, Harold O. Swenson, A. J. Tompkins and Robert Williams.

From the Detroit Free Press, February 27, 1907

"In a recent issue of "The Saturday Evening Post", Mr. William Winter appears as the writer of a memoir of Lawrence Barrett. In it passing mention is made of the cloud that obscured the friendship between Barrett and Henry Irving. The latter appealed to Mr. Winter for an explanation of the attitude of the American tragedian, saying: 'I find him changed, and I should be glad if you could tell me why'. To this Mr. Winter replied: 'That is easily done. After he had played a losing engagement at your London Theatre, presenting "Richelieu", you marked your next season with a production of the same play, and he took the fancy that you meant to suggest an invidious contrast between his failure and your success'.

"Mr. Winter does not appear to have been apprised of the essential facts relating to the Barrett-Irving estrangement. When the English actor first visited America, in the season of 1883-84, Mr. Barrett exerted himself to the utmost to make his introduction to the American public memorable. At much inconvenience and very considerable pecuniary sacrifice, the hospitable Barrett made manifest his 'love and friending' for the stranger. He was then handsomely housed on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, and the night before Irving's arrival he gave a dinner for a party of friends who were to go down the bay to board the Britannic for the purpose of giving the voyager an early welcome.

'The meeting between Irving and Barrett on the gang-plank, 'Mr. Winter writes' 'where they stood for a little while bareheaded and with

clasped hands, lives in my memory as a spectacle of peculiar and touching beauty. Men more intellectual have never graced the stage. They were of the same age and of kindred temperament; pale, ascetic, dignified, with dark, piercing eyes, thoughtful faces and hair just touched with silver. We sailed back to the city and escorted Irving to the Brevoort House, the first building he ever entered in New York. His prodigious triumph on the American stage is a theme of history. It was the hand of Lawrence Barrett that gave him the first welcome'.

"Now note the contrast between this conduct of Barrett's and what followed when he went into the country of Irving on a like mission. All Barrett's friends knew of his consuming ambition to succeed on the London stage. It was a legitimate and commendable ambition. He knew theatrical biography from the bottom up and there was alive in his soul a noble impulse to tread the boards where the great of his profession had trodden, and to identify his name with the history of the theatre in the world's capital. He gathered all the money he could command and set out on his quest of the golden fleece with high hope. Did Irving take the trouble to go out to sea or anywhere else to meet him? Not he! Barrett quietly made his way into London and began preparing for the most momentous event of his life - a London appearance on the stage of his dear friend Henry Irving's own theatre. A day and night passed, and still no Irving. A week passed, and Barrett had not seen the shadow or the substance of the friend in whose interest he had metaphorically broken his neck. Ten days passed; and at the close of the tenth day Irving paid the American a perfunctory call in his (Irving's) own theatre. Meanwhile Barrett had fretted, mourned, chafed, and many times wondered aloud what could have occurred to keep him and his friend apart. When he had finally come and gone, Barrett resumed his wonted buoyancy. 'Henry has been to see me!' he exclaimed, in boyish and, in the circumstances, pathetic, delight; and all through his disastrous engagement the memory of that call seemed to be his one gleam of joy. He was a heavy loser by the venture, and he came home more depressed than he had been at any other time since the squalid beginning of his public career.

"Nor was this personal neglect all that Barrett had to complain of. He had asked Irving to advise him, as a friend, what play to open his London engagement with. He himself was decidedly favorable to "Francesca Da Rimini". It had not been done in London; it was one of the finest of the recent Barrett productions, which were known for their opulence and splendid general appeal; and it was miles and miles away from anything that

would suggest to the Irving partisans comparison unfavorable to Barrett. But no, "Richelieu", said Irving. 'Richelieu' it was, which, of course, was fatal to the American hope.

"Barrett came home bankrupt. Indeed, so low was the ebb of his fortunes that a check for \$50 given by him on the bank where he had done business on a large scale for many years was returned dishonored to the payee. It ought to be said that when this fact was made known to Barrett he took up the check. His public rallied to his support, and he soon mended his broken pecuniary standing."

"All this is history. It is 'inside' history, and, of course, little known; but it is a part of the record of eminent men, and it is time for the types to undertake its preservation.

G. P. G."

The writer of the article above quoted, Mr. George P. Goodale, is one of the oldest and most experienced and judicious writers about the stage who are connected with the press in America, and he has ever been a conscientious journalist and critic. For that reason, among others, the statements made above by him are entitled to particular notice. A decisive reason, furthermore, for refuting them is apparent in the fact that, having had a wide circulation, they have assisted to fortify that spirit of detraction which always attends the pathway of honor and noble achievement. No doubt they were conscientiously made; Mr. Goodale is incapable of malice or unkindness; but conscientious misrepresentation, when accepted as truth, is not less harmful than the disparagement that envy incites and malevolence disseminates.

Mr. Goodale was one of Lawrence Barrett's esteemed friends, and to some extent, undoubtedly, acquainted with the history of Lawrence Barrett's career; but, as to the relations that existed between Lawrence Barrett and Henry Irving, and as to "the essential facts" in the matter of their estrangement, his articles furnish conclusive proof that he does not know anything.

Henry Irving, making his first visit to America, sailed from Liverpool on October 11th, 1883; arrived in New York on October 21st; filled an engagement in this city, at the Star Theatre, beginning on October 29th and ending on November 24th; made a tour of other cities of our country, lasting about four months; gave a farewell performance in New York City on April 26th, 1884; sailed for England on May 2nd; arrived in Liverpool on May 8th, and went up to London presumably on the same day.

Lawrence Barrett, making his second, and most important, professional visit to England, sailed from New York on March 19th, 1884, at which time Henry Irving was acting in the vicinity of New York; arrived in Liverpool about March 27; went up to London, and made his first appearance, at Henry Irving's Lyceum Theatre, on April 12th, 1884.

The record speaks for itself. At the very time when, according to Mr. Goodale, Henry Irving should have been "going out to sea" to welcome his friend Lawrence Barrett to England, he was acting in Brooklyn; his farewell in New York City, as already intimated, began on March 31st, 1884, and extended to April 26th.

"Meanwhile," says Mr. Goodale, "Barrett had fretted, mourned and chafed, and many times wondered aloud what could have occurred to keep him and his friend apart".

That was indeed amazing, since Barrett perfectly well knew that his friend was, at that moment, in America, and not in London.

"Ten days passed," says Mr. Goodale, "and at the close of the tenth day Irving paid the American a perfunctory visit, in his (Irving's) own theatre . . . When he had come and gone, Barrett resumed his wonted buoyancy. "Henry has been to see me," he exclaimed . . ."

That apparition, according to Mr Goodale's touching narrative, must have presented itself to the enraptured gaze of "the American" about April 6th - or say between April 6th and April 14th, - at which time the Atlantic Ocean, said to be about three thousand miles wide, was rolling between Henry Irving and Lawrence Barrett, and at which time the material body of Henry Irving was visible at the Star Theatre in New York, and was distinctly seen of many persons, including the writer of these words, - who was seldom absent from any one of his New York performances. The late hierophant of Brahma, Dr. Olcott; however, was kind enough to explain that there is an "astral body" which is capable of making long journeys, very rapidly, and at short notice, and which is much addicted to fugacious excursions. No doubt it was Henry's astral body that "paid the perfunctory visit" to Lawrence. Irving was always a restless person.

The charge that Mr. Goodale makes is that while Lawrence Barrett courteously befriended Henry Irving on his first arrival in America, Henry Irving, subsequently, in London, treated Lawrence Barrett with neglect, unkindness, and injurious duplicity. That charge is false, and it is also foolish.

The statement, furthermore, is made that Irving advised Barrett to begin his London engagement with a performance of *Richelieu*, and the insinuation is made that this was bad advice, given with a sinister motive. This also is calumny.

Lawrence Barrett did not begin his London Lyceum engagement with *Richelieu*. He began it with *Yorick*, in the play called "*Yorick's Love*", adapted for him by W. D. Howells, from a Spanish original, and he did not produce "*Richelieu*" until "*Yorick's Love*" had ceased to attract.

Both plays had been produced by him before Irving landed in England. Henry Irving gave no advice in the matter, and had nothing to do with it. He esteemed and loved Barrett, and wished him to succeed; and when he finally came home to London and found that Barrett's season had not been prosperous, he placed his bank account at Barrett's disposal and offered all the support that might happen to be needed. Lawrence Barrett himself told that fact to me, and, presumably, he knew something about his own business.

It was not until some time later, when Irving put on the play of "*Richelieu*", in the course of his return season at the Lyceum Theatre, that Barrett began to feel hurt and annoyed. That proceeding on the part of Irving, and that only, was the cause of the coolness (it never took any other form), that slowly grew up between them. That was the reason of their estrangement, Lawrence Barrett, so declared to me, - not once only, but many times, and in positive, unmistakable language.

The calumny is that Henry Irving was maliciously hopeful that Lawrence Barrett, by making his advent at the London Lyceum Theatre in a part that he had himself played, would suffer by comparison, would be condemned, and would fail; and that, therefore, he named *Richelieu*. That sort of disparagement of Henry Irving has been profusely promulgated by various soreheaded persons on the stage and by their advocates, and it has become as monotonous as it is offensive. It does grievous injustice to the memory of a great and good man, who never in all his life injured anybody, and whose whole desire, with regard to the stage and to the men and women engaged in its service, was that the institution should be made noble and that its votaries should be respected and happy. The injustice of snarling at the heels of Henry Irving, for no other reason than because he achieved a prodigious success and exerted a world-wide influence, is detestable.

As to *Richelieu*: Henry Irving acted that part for the first time at the

London Lyceum Theatre, on September 27th, 1873. The play ran for 120 performances. Irving did not again act the Cardinal till some time after the close of Lawrence Barrett's engagement at the Lyceum, in the summer of 1884 - at which time he revived it for repetitions which were scarcely more than rehearsals, with a view to its presentment in America. At the time of Barrett's appearance in the part, accordingly, the London public had not seen Irving as Richelieu for nearly ten years. Comparison between these two actors therefore, was practically impossible. The London public, however, had seen Edwin Booth's impersonation of Richelieu, which was the best ever given; superior to that of Barrett and superior to that of Irving - as I told the latter actor, after seeing him act the part, in London, in 1884; and it was in consequence of my advice, which is considered good, that he never played it in New York. He once played it in Chicago.

John Ryder testified, with tears, that Edwin Booth's Richelieu surpassed that of Macready, who was the original; and Ryder had acted in the play with both of them, and he idolized Macready's memory. Lawrence Barrett's reason for acting Richelieu in that London engagement simply was that Yorick had not pleased the million; that he knew he could give a fine performance of Richelieu (which he did), and that he wanted to be seen in a great character. He was right, and he had his reward - for he was greatly admired by many persons, including some of the best judges of acting in England, and including Henry Irving.

As to the comparative misfortune that attended Lawrence Barrett's London Lyceum Theatre season; The original design was that the whole of his time there should be filled with "Yorick's Love". The "Richelieu" card was played because it had to be. The reception accorded to Barrett by the London public on his opening night was wildly enthusiastic, - so that he was nearly overcome with emotion. He was recalled to the stage after his first exit; he had three calls after the first curtain, and six after the second; at the end of the performance he had to address the audience; and a voice, interrupting him as he tried to express his thanks, exclaimed, with true British fervor; "You deserve it all, and more." He did, for he was one of the best actors and one of the noblest gentlemen that ever lived.

The death of the Duke of Albany, putting the Court into mourning and disturbing the usual course of social affairs in London, was partly, perhaps largely, the cause of the comparative failure of Barrett's season. Before it began, as he was about to sail for America, Henry Irving, speaking from the Lyceum stage, said to his public; "You will, of course, extend welcome to my dear friend Lawrence Barrett, the famous American actor, who will

appear here in the early part of next year." When Barrett's season ended, May 30th, Henry Irving presented to him the Order of the Garter which had once been the property of Edmund Kean and worn by that great actor in "Richard III".

Lawrence Barrett, writing (July 15th, 1884), said: "On the night (June 1st) of the memorable re-entry of Mr. Irving at the Lyceum when I entered the box which Mr. Irving had placed at my disposal, the audience rose and cheered me. You can imagine my gratification at that spontaneous outburst from, perhaps, the most notable audience that ever assembled at a London theatre."

Both these great actors are dead. There should be no bickering over the grave. They dearly loved each other, at one time. The cloud that rose between them was but the vapor of a moment. It is all gone and ended now.

The mention of it was meant only to explain it, - for even the foibles of great characters possess a certain interest for the student of human nature. "Time is like the peacefulness of grass," Let us be glad, as Goethe said, that the German people ought to be, with reference to himself and Schiller, that we have two such men to remember.

From a tribute to the memory of Lawrence Barrett  
March 22nd, 1891.

## THE DRAMA OF LIFE

BY

ROBERT INGERSOLL

In the drama of life all are actors. And no one knows his part. In this great play the scenes are shifted by unknown forces, and the commencement, plot and end are still unknown - and still unguessed. One by one the players leave the stage and others take their places.

There is no pause - the play goes on. No prompters voice is heard and no one has the slightest clew to what the next scene is to be. Will this great drama have an end? Will it rise again upon some other stage? Reason says perchance and hope still whispers yes.



KATE RYAN

The following poem appeared in Harpers Weekly April 18, 1891.

LAWRENCE BARRETT

Oh, eager brain, has all thy pulsing ceased?  
Oh, master voice is all thy music done?  
Or art thou precious spirit, but - released  
To fuller life? Alas! Since life begun,  
Men have asked, and asking has been vain,  
Thus have men hoped: If vainly who can tell?  
Cassius farewell: If we do meet again,  
Why we shall smile; if not 'tis but farewell.

---

The rest is silence - Nay, it may be song;  
What know we? But if song 'tis elsewhere  
Heard but of them that go with these along.  
Through that unknown country's clearer air.  
Here in deep silence, such as fondly guards  
The chamber where a dear one slumbers light.  
Thy sleep, alas! has no need of no such wards,  
For who can waken thee? Sweet prince good-night.

---

In this thy sleep of death, if dreams should come  
They will be dreams of peaceful slumber meet!  
Dream that the world do love thee - the poor, dumb,  
Sad hearted world, that hath no language sweet  
To speak its love, Hold thou the fair dream fast  
An dream it all the age long silence through,  
Till, if good will is so, thou wake at last  
To the glad knowledge that thy dream is true.

In its issue of May 14th, 1902, the Daily Mirror states

"BEAT THE GREAT"

Mr. Maurice R. Mayer the theatrical manager relates this anecdote at Barrett's expense. It was before the days of free mail delivery; and Barrett

had called at the Post Office for his mail; as the clerk handed it to him he asked Mr. Barrett for a pass to his theatre; Barrett resented the attempted hold-up, and represented to the official that it was not customary to ask merchants for a bolt of cloth or some merchandise as a free gift. The clerk apparently received the rebuke in a proper spirit and when Mr. Barrett a few days later was waited upon the same young man he hesitatingly asked the actor if he would consent to give him his autograph. The fellow's politeness rather overcame Barrett and he consented and wrote his name on the blank sheet of paper. That evening the only complimentary seats at Barrett's performance were issued to the postal clerk, who presented at the box office an order which read "Please give seats to two" and signed in the great tragedian's well known writing.

#### FROM OLD BOSTON MUSEUM DAYS BY KATE RYAN

"Lawrence Barrett played occasional star engagements with us. I was very much impressed by his acting in "The Man O' Airlie", in which he played the part of Jamie Harebell, with a rare tenderness not shown in his other characters. One scene comes to my mind clearly. The Peasants are singing outside and by the window stands Jamie Harebell - the kindest face I ever saw - with tears streaming down his checks, his whole frame convulsed with real feeling as he listens to the peasants singing his praises:

"Oh there upon yon heather hill,  
Where footfalls come but rarely,  
There dwells a man they think of still,  
There dwells the Man O' Airlie.  
He wore a coat of Hodden Gray,  
His hands were hard with labor,  
But still he had a homely way  
Of standing by his neighbor."

I was a peasant, and each night I sang in the chorus of that play, my nose was red with weeping, and my eyes besmeared with cosmetic. Mr. Barrett was regarded as being unapproachable, but I always found him courteous. He was somewhat exclusive, but he was a close student, entirely engrossed in his art - an actor who had to fight for every scrap of his existence against every hardship and handicap imaginable. He is enthroned in my mind as a devoted father and husband, an intellectual actor, and a kind gentleman.

## THE ARISTOCRAT by Earnest Parlow

While quivering music low  
Steals softly o'er the footlight's glow  
The Hero of light Comedy appears  
A glittering sound of welcome greets his ears -  
What tho' his heart beat but to dark despair,  
Almost a sob in his first voice-tones rare,  
His mind dulled with a private woe are -  
He must amuse the crowd below.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

Dumb tragic grief! still, tortured heart.  
With laugh and witty jest he played his part.  
Master. Nor tone nor look does show  
The sorrow there. Graceful! he wins applause and so

THE ARISTOCRAT.

From the Theatre Magazine

## THE REAL LAWRENCE BARRETT

By His Daughter

My father's life as an actor and student of the drama is too well remembered for me to have to do more than touch upon it. When, however, I attempt to tell something of Lawrence Barrett's home life, so many beautiful memories of my dear one crowd upon me that I find it difficult to select only a few, so as to keep within the limits of this brief article. Need I say that he was a most loving father and devoted husband and, although he has been dead nearly fourteen years, his spirit is with us clearly today as though he had left us for a journey and would soon return.

Lawrence Barrett's life as a young man was a very hard one, and he won his way step by step through insurmountable obstacles. Not until late in life did he reap the reward so strenuously worked for. Then, he would take his three months vacation, at our cozy home at Cohasset and, putting aside the player's costume and paint, would also throw off all cares as actor-manager, and settle down to enjoy himself, and make enjoyable to others, the well earned rest.

Our home at Cohasset was simple, my father loved it dearly and it has many memories of men known and loved by the world. There William War-

ren, who, in my father's youth, had given him his first theatrical help, was an honored guest until his death, and the spare room was for many years called the "Warren Room". "My father's den" was an assembly place for all. The walls were lined with books and mementos of the stage and dear friends, and hung with portraits of actors and statesmen. There each evening we would all gather to hear my father read, or tell of his plans for the future, or else Stuart Robson or William Crane (both of whom lived across the harbor) would drop in and the stories would come fast and furious.

Edwin Booth invariably spent part of his Summer vacation with us. Of his life long friendship with my father and their business connections I need not speak here, as it is known to all, but I cannot refrain from mentioning my father's devotion for the great tragedian and of our (Lawrence Barrett's children) love, second only to that of our father, for him. I remember one evening that we had been making a fearful noise, playing battle-dore and shuttlecock, my father turned to Mr. Booth and said, "Ned, does that noise bother you?" and in the most resigned voice possible, Mr. Booth answered "No, Lawrence I am used to it now." Poor man, he loved us so much that he had schooled himself to stand our noise rather than spoil our fun. He was considerate for all, even for children.

My father always kept a boat of some sort on the "Breeze" the fast yacht he owned, he was usually to be seen at his best. When on the water he seemed ten years younger; and would laugh, joke and romp with us, just like a boy. He enjoyed his horses, and drove daily with my mother. He was an omnivorous reader and when not out of doors was always to be found with a book in either his "den" or on the piazza. He kept up a voluminous correspondence, and have in my possession many valuable letters to him from Browning, Tennyson and other famous writers which I hope one day to give the public. Browning's letters are especially interesting, for they show a deep regard and respect for my father, and gratitude for his help in producing the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon", which, it will be remembered, my father presented for a time. The play was an artistic success, although it never paid expenses, and yet Browning was so pleased with its artistic triumph that he said in one of his letters, "Had Macready been a Barrett, I should have been a dramatist." This was an acknowledgment of my father's assistance in preparing the great poem for stage presentation. There are other instances of the same kind which lack of space alone prevent my entering upon here.

Oh, that my pen were eloquent to tell enough of his sweetness, his absolute trust in those he loved, his keen sense of honor, his deep reverence



Actress CLARA MORRIS as "CAMILLE"

for the womanly woman, his fearlessness when going to put himself under the surgeon's knife, his brave battling with all the hard trials of life and his patient sweetness in his last year when he suffered so much physically.

It is not generally known that Lawrence Barrett fought for his country in the Civil War as a Captain in the Massachusetts 22nd Volunteers and then he was retired with honors. He acted in New Orleans through the yellow fever pest, and when he left, the citizens of that town presented him with a silver pitcher and cups to show their gratitude for easing their burdens a little, by his art, during that dread period. It was there that his great friendship with General Custer began, which lasted through the latter's life time. A large ball was given one night in the general's honor in the hotel, and when my father came home from the theatre and was trying to steal upstairs unnoticed, a very gorgeous officer in full dress, with glorious golden hair and a figure like a young god, caught him by the arm and said, "Not so fast, Mr. Barrett, I have promised the ladies not to return without you," and in spite of all remonstrance and in his business clothes, my father was dragged into the ballroom and presented to all. They often laughed afterwards over this, and the General called it "one of his victories". Of my father's many stage triumphs, both in England and America, I need not speak, nor of his great love for learning, nor his own great ability as a writer. He was the dearest father in the world, and, with all his work, found time to send almost daily letters to me throughout his life. Such dear letters they were, too! I love to read them over now and see how playfully and lovingly he would write so that not until later I noticed that he meant to either chide or command. He was a good comrade in our travels, too, and in our rambles through France and Germany taught me without difficulty more than all my schooling put together had accomplished. I remember many happy drives in the hills at Kreutznach where he went for his health a year before his death when he would pretend we were living in the centuries past and that we were knights of old, storming the ruined castles on the hills, which he would rebuild and people with his fancies.

That last year he was in communication with Lord Tennyson, who was re-writing his "Thomas a Beckett" for him, it was always my father's dream to appear in that character, and had death not stepped in he would have done so the next year. But alas, it was not to be, and later Sir Henry Irving produced it superbly, as is well known, of course.

The Player's Club holds most of my father's theatrical treasures, as is right it should, for although he contributed no money to the birth of the

Players, it was in his den at Cohasset that the club was planned and discussed by Mr. Booth, and himself, and he was always deeply attached to it.

As I look back on the past, his ringing laugh, his Irish stories (for my father was a great story teller) his tenderness, his stern rebuke for any real wrong done, his love for all children, and a thousand other dear home memories crowd in on me, and I feel that my greatest blessing in this world is to have been his daughter and to have his example to look up to and to put before my children.

Edith Barrett Williams, March 1, 1905

## RECOLLECTIONS OF LAWRENCE BARRETT

By Clara Morris

There were few stars with whom I took greater pleasure in acting than with Lawrence Barrett. I sometimes wonder, if, even now, the profession really knows what great reason it has to be proud of him. He was a man respected by all, admired by many, and if loved by but few, theirs was a love so profound and so tender that it amply sufficed.

We are a censorious people: and just as our greatest virtue is generosity in giving, so our greatest fault is the eagerness with which we seek out the mote in our neighbor's eye, without feeling the slightest desire for the removal of the beam in our own eye. Thus one finds that the first and clearest memory actors have of Mr. Barrett is of his irascible temper and a certain air of superiority; not of his erudition, of the high position he won socially as well as artistically, of the almost titanic struggle of his young manhood with adverse circumstances. Nor does that imply the slightest malice on their part. Actors have, as a family trait, a touch of childishness about them which they come by honestly enough. We all know that the farther we get from infancy the weaker the imagination grows. Now it is imagination that makes the man an actor, so it is not wonderful if, with the powerful creative fancy of childhood, he should also retain a touch of its petulance and self-consciousness. Thus to many actors Mr. Barrett's greatness is lost sight of in the memory of some dogmatic utterance or sharp reproof that wounded self-love.

It would seem like presumption for me to offer any word of praise for the artistic work of his later years; the world remembers it. The world knows, too, how high he climbed, how secure was his position; but twice I have heard the story of his earlier years - once from the lips of his wife, once from the lips of that beloved brother Joe, who was both his dread and

sorrow - and at each telling my throat ached at the pain of it, while my nerves thrilled with admiration for such endurance, such splendid determination.

A paradox is, I believe, a statement seemingly absurd, yet true in fact. In that case, I was not so very wrong, in spite of general laughter, when, after my first rehearsal with him, I termed Mr. Barrett a man of cold enthusiasm.

"But", one cried to me, "you stupid - that's a paradox! Don't you see your words contradict each other?" "Well", I answered, with shamefaced obstinacy, "perhaps they do; but they are not contradicted by him. You all call him icy-cold, and I know he is truly enthusiastic over the possibilities of this play; so that makes what I call cold enthusiasm, however paradoxical it sounds".

And now, after all the years, I can approve the childish judgment. He was a man whose intellectual enthusiasm was backed by a cold determination that would never let him say "die" while he had breath in his body and a stage on which to rehearse.

Every one can recall Mr. Barrett's enormous brow, and how, beneath his great burning eyes, his cheeks suddenly hollowed in, thinning down to his sensitive mouth. I was on the stage in New Orleans, the first morning of my engagement there (I was under Mr. Daly's management, but he had loaned me for a fortnight), and I started out with, "Mr. Daly said to please ask Mr. - "away went the name - goodness gracious, should I forget my own name next! The stage-manager suggested "Mr. Rogers"?

"No - oh, no! I mean Mr. - er-er," and I trailed off helplessly.

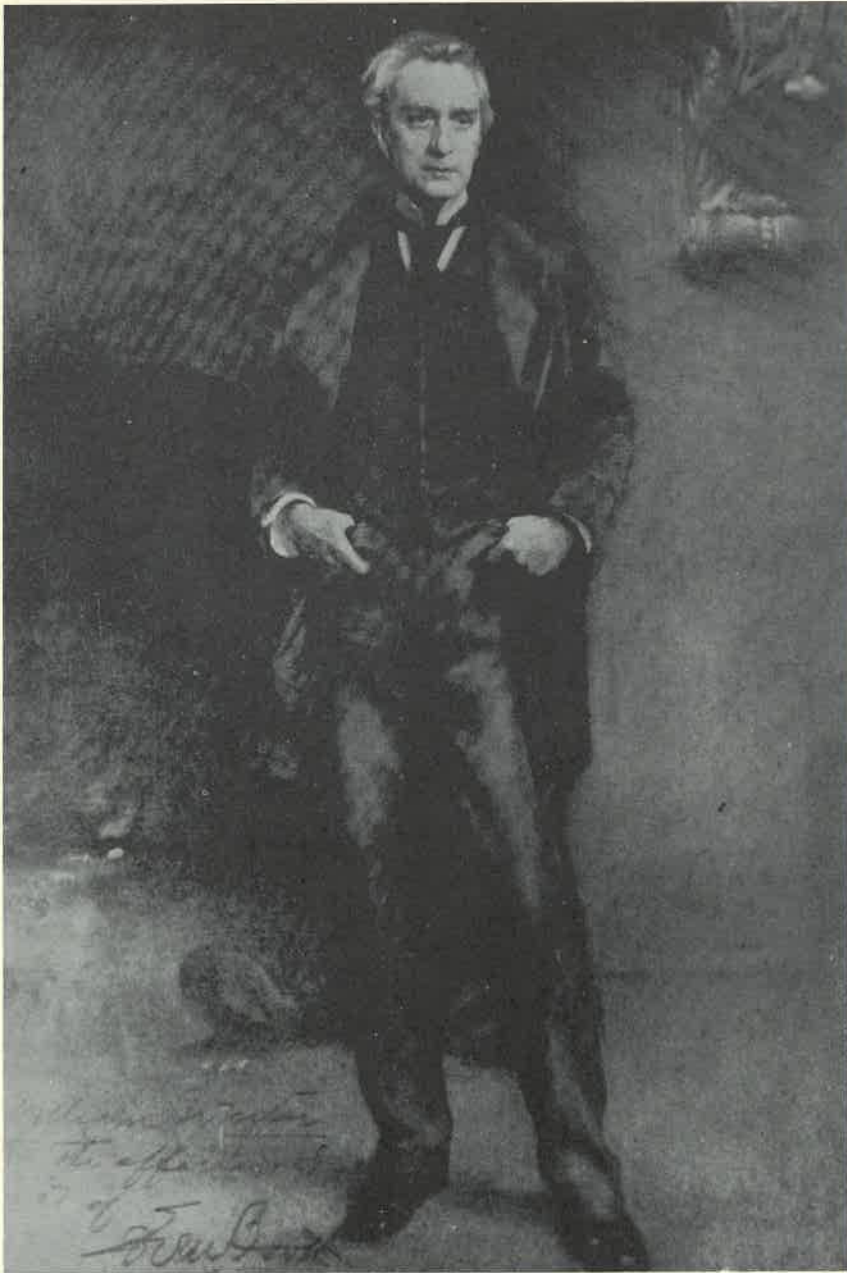
"Mr. Seymour?" offered a lady.

"No-no! that's not it!" I cried.

"Why, goodness, mercy me! you all know whom I mean - the-the actor with the hungry eyes!"

"Oh, Barrett!" they shouted, all save one voice; that, with a mighty laugh, cried out. "That's my brother Larry, God bless him: No one could miss that description, for sure he looks as hungry today as ever he did when he was really hungry to his heart's core."

And so it was that I first met poor Joe Barrett, who worshipped the brother whose sore torment he was. For this great broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced fellow with the boyish laugh had ever in his veins the craving for



EDWIN BOOTH

liquor, that awful inherited appetite that can nullify prayer and break down the most fixed determination.

"Ah!" he said to me, "no one, no one can ever know how good Larry has been to me; for while he is fighting and struggling to rise, every little while some lapse of mine drags him back a bit. Yet he never casts me off, never disowns me. He has had to discharge me for the sake of discipline here, but he has reengaged me. He has sent me away, but he has taken me back again. I promise, and fail to keep my promise. I fall, and he picks me up. Through the very mud I have dragged my brother; but the sweet Saviour could hardly forgive me more fully than Larry does, for, look you, he never forgets that I am the son of my father, who was accursed before me, while he is the son of our poor mother, blessed be her name! It isn't that I don't try. I keep straight until the agony of longing begins to turn into a mad desire to do bodily harm to - someone - anyone, and then fearing the worst, I drink my fill and - and the papers find me out, and are not content to tell of the disgraceful condition of Joseph Barrett, but must add always, 'the brother of the prominent actor, Mr. Lawrence Barrett'. Poor Larry! Poor little sickly chap that he used to be, with his big brainy head, too heavy for his weak neck and frail body to carry."

And then he told me of their sorrowful life, of their hideous poverty. The idle father and his dislike for the delicate boy, whose only moment of happiness came when the weary mother returned from work, and, the poor supper over, she sat for a little to breathe and rest, and held his heavy head upon her loving breast, while Joe sang his songs or told of all the happenings of the day.

That happy Joe, who had no pride, and was quite as satisfied without a seat to his small trousers as with one! Then he told me how hard it was for Lawrence to learn, how he had to grind and grind at the simplest lesson, but once having acquired it, how it was his for life.

"Why, even now," said he "in confidence I'm telling you that my brother is studying like a little child at French, and it does seem that he cannot learn it. He works so desperately over it! A doctor has warned him he must choose between French and his many parts, or break down from overwork. But he will go on, hammering at his *parlez vous* until he learns it, or dies trying."

"If you were to live with your brother, might not that help to keep you strong?" I asked.

"Now, my dear little woman," he said, "Larry is human in some respects, if he is almost God-like toward me. Remember he has a young family now, and though his wife is as good as gold, and always patient with me, I am not the kind of example a man would care to place before his little ones; and as Lawrence is devoured with ambition for them, he rightly guards them from too close contact with the drag and curse of his own life, in whom he - and he alone - can see the sturdy, tow-headed brother of the old boyish days, who saved him from many and many a kick and thump his delicate body could ill have borne."

Joe told me of his dead wife - Viola Crocker that was, the neice of Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Conway - of their happiness and their misery, describing himself as having been "in heaven or in hell, without any betwixts and betweenes."

When Mr. Barrett stood second only to Mr. Booth in his profession, well established, well off, well dressed, polished and refined of manner, - yes, and genial too, to those he liked - I came by accident upon a most gracious act of his, and following it up, found him deep in conspiracy to deceive a stricken woman into receiving the aid her piteous determination to stand alone made it impossible to offer openly. I looked at the generous, prosperous, intellectual, intensely active gentleman, surrounded by the clever wife and the pretty, thoroughly educated daughters who were chaperoned in all their walks to and from park to music lesson or shopping trip, and I wondered at the distance little "Larry", with the heavy head and frail body had traveled, and bowed respectfully to such magnificent energy.

Even then there arose a cry from the profession that Mr. Barrett was dictatorial, that he assumed airs of superiority. Mr. Barrett was wrapped up soul and body in the proper production of the play in hand. He was keenly observant and he was sensitive. When an actor had his mind fixed upon a smoke or a glass of beer, and cared nothing whether the play failed or succeeded, so long as he got his "twenty dollars per," Mr. Barrett knew it, and became "dictatorial" in his effort to force the man into doing his work properly. I worked with him, both as a nobody and as a somebody, and I know that an honest effort to comprehend and carry out his wishes was recognized and appreciated.

Cold - hard - dictatorial - superior? Well, there is a weak, lean-on-some body sort of woman who will love any man who will feed and shelter her - she doesn't count. But when a clear-minded, business-like, clever woman - wife for many years - loves her husband with the tenderest sentiment and

devotion, I'm ready to wager something that it was tenderness and devotion, in the husband that first aroused like sentiments in the wife.

Mrs. Barrett was shrewd, far-seeing, business-like; a devoted and watchful mother; but her love for her husband had still the freshness, the delicate sentiment of young wifhood. When she thought proper, she bullied him shamefully; when she thought more proper, she "guyed" him unmercifully. Think of that!

It was very funny to see the great, solemn-eyed personification of dignity sitting meekly by while his food was snatched away from him, and some more wholesome, if less desirable, dish was offered in its stead. On such occasions, with unbroken gravity, he, in the interest of possible sons-in-law, would suggest the withdrawal of the girls from the room while their mother indulged in such unseemly conduct.

But oh, to hear that wife tell of the sorrows and trials they had faced together, of their absurd makeshifts, of their small triumphs over poverty, of Lawrence's steady advance in his profession, of that beautiful day when they moved into a little house all by themselves - when he became, as he laughingly boasted, "a householder, not a forelorn, down-trodden boarder."

Their family, besides themselves, then consisted of one little girl and Lawrence's beloved old mother; and he had a room in which to study in peace; and the two women talked and planned endlessly about curtains and furniture and - oh well, about some more very small garments that would, God willing, be needed before a very great while. And one day Lawrence looked about his little table, and said, "It's too good - it can't last - it can't!" and the women kissed him and laughed at him; yet all the time he was right; it did not last. An awful bolt seemed to fall from the blue sky. It was one of those pitiful disasters that sometimes comes upon the very old, particularly upon those who have endured much, suffered much, as had old Mrs. Barrett in the past.

I wept as I heard the story of the devoted son's dry-eyed agony, of the awful fears his condition aroused in the minds of those close to him. Then suddenly she, the wife, had been stricken down, and her danger and that of the tiny babe had brought him to his old self again.

He worked on then for some months, grateful for the sparing of his dear ones, when quite suddenly and painlessly the stricken old mother passed from sleep to life everlasting. Then when Joseph was to be summoned - Joe, who worshipped the mother's footprint in the dust - he was not to be

found. He had fallen again into disgrace, had been discharged, had disappeared, no one knew whither.

"Oh, dear Father!" cried Mrs. Barrett, "what did not Lawrence suffer for Joe, knowing what his agony would be when he knew all! The funeral took place. White as marble, Lawrence sent us all home, and waited himself till the last clod of earth was piled upon the grave, then waited till the men had gone - waited to kneel and pray a moment before leaving the old mother there alone. And as he knelt, he noted how dark it was growing, and thought he must not linger long or the gates would be locked against him. As he rose from his knees, he was startled to see through the dusk a tall form coming toward him. It would dodge behind a monument, and after a moment's pause would come a little nearer. Suddenly, the drooping, lurching figure became familiar to him. With a groan he hid himself behind a tombstone and waited - waited until suspicion became certainty, and he knew that the bent, weary, unkempt, unshorn funeral guest was his unfortunate brother Joe. He held his peace until the wanderer found his way along the darkening path to that pathetic stretch of freshly broken earth, where, with an exceeding bitter cry, he flung his arms above his head and fell all his length along the grave that held the sweetest and holiest thing God had ever given him - an honest and loving mother - and clutched the damp clods in his burning hands, and gasped out, "Oh, mother! I have hungered and I have tramped, with the curse upon me, too.; I have hungered and tramped so far - so far - hoping to be just in time to see your dear face once more, and now they've shut you away from me - from the bad boy you never turned your patient eyes away from! Oh, mother! whatever can I do without you - all alone! all alone!"

"At that child-like cry from the broken man prostrate on the grave, Lawrence's heart turned to water, and, kneeling down, he lifted to his breast the tear-stained, drink-blemished face of his brother, and kissed him as his mother might have done. Thus they prayed together for the repose of the soul of their beloved, and then, with his arms about the wanderer, to steady his failing steps, Lawrence led him to our little home, and as they entered, he turned and said, "Joe, can't you take back those words, "all alone" - can't you? and Joe nodded his head, and, throwing his arms about his brother's neck, answered 'Never alone while my little brother Larry lives and forgives'."

From the time when, as a ballet-girl, I was called forward and given the part of Marie in "The Marble Heart," a play Mr. Barrett was starring in, to the day of that really splendid combination with Mr. Edwin Booth, I

never saw the former when he was not burning with excitement over some production he had in mind, if not yet in rehearsal. Even in his sleep he saw perfect pictures of scenery not yet painted, just as before "Ganalon" he used to dream of sharp lance and gay pennon moving in serried ranks, of long lines of nobles and gentlemen who wore the cross of the Crusader.

His friends were among the highest of God's aristocracy of brains. It was odd that sculptors, artists, poets, thinkers should shake hands with so "cold" a man, and call him friend.

I remember well the dismayed look that came upon his face when I was ordered from the ballet-ranks to take the place of the lady - a hard, high-voiced soubrette - who would have played Marie had not a sore throat mercifully prevented her. But at my first,

"Thank you". I'd rather go - yonder - pointing to the distant convent, his eyes widened; suddenly a sort of tremor came to his lips. He was at my side in an instant, telling me to indicate my convent as on the opposite side, so that my own attitude would be more picturesque to the audience. Between the acts, he said to me, "Have you any opinion of Marie, Miss - er-er?"

"My name's just Clara" I timidly interjected.

"Well," he smiled, "just Clara," have you formed any idea of this Marie's character?"

"Why" I answered, "to me she seems a perfect walking gratitude. In real life she would be rather dog-like, I'm afraid; but in the play, she is just beautiful."

He looked solemnly at me, and then he said, "And you are just beautiful, too; for you are a little, thinking actress. Now, if you have the power of expressing what you think, do you know, I am very honestly interested, 'just Clara' in your share of tonight's work."

The play went well as a whole, and as Marie is one of the most tenderly pathetic creations conceivable, I sat and wept as I told the story; but imagine my amazement when, as Mr. Barrett bent over my hand, a great hot tear fell from his cheek upon it.

"Oh, my girl," he said when the play was over, "don't let anything on God's footstool dishearten you! Work! Work! You have such power, such delicacy of expression with it - you are Marie, the little, stupidly religious, dog-like Marie - as you renamed her for me Marie the grateful."

When I was leading woman, he wished to do that play for a single night. Of course, Marrie belonged to me, but the big handsome, cold-voiced second Marco woman could well talk through Marco, while she would (artistically speaking) damn Marie.

Mr. Barrett was very hungry-eyed - there was positive famine in his eyes - as he mournfully said "I would give a great deal to hear you tell Marie's story again, to see you and your little bundle and bandaged foot. Such a clever touch that - the bandaged foot - no other Marie dares do that; but you have turned your back on the grateful one; you can't afford to do her again."

"Mr. Barrett," I said, "do you wish me to play Marie now?"

Do I wish it?" he echoed. "I wish it with all my heart; but I have no right to ask a sacrifice from you, even if it would benefit the whole performance, as well as give me a personal pleasure."

"If the manager does not object." I said, "I am quite willing to give up the leading part and play Marie again."

He held my hands - he fairly stammered for a moment - then he said, "You are an artiste and a brave and generous girl. I shall remember this action of yours "just Clara", always."

The amazed manager, after some objection, having consented, I once more put on the rusty black gown, took my small bundle, and asked of the gay ladies from Paris my way to the convent yonder, finding in the tears of the audience and in the excellence of the general performance full reward for playing second fiddle that evening.

In my early married days, when the great coffee-urn was still a menace to my composure and dignity, at a little home dinner, when Mr. William Black, the British novelist, honored me with his presence on my right; Mr. Barrett, on my left, moved no one knows by what freak of memory, lifted his glass and, speaking low, said, "Just Clara," your health!

I laughed a little and was nodding back, when Black, who saw everything through those glasses of his, cried out, "Favoritism - favoritism! Why, bless my heart, I drank your health ten minutes ago, and you never blushed a blush for me! And I am chief guest, and on the right hand of the hostess. Explanations are now in order."

And Mr. Barrett said that he would explain on the way to the club, whereupon Mr. Black wrinkled up his nose delightedly, and said he "scent-

ed a story." "And oh," he cried, "it's the sweetest scent in the world, the most fascinating trail to follow!"

But I was thankful that he did not hunt down his quarry then and there, for he could be as mischievous as a squirrel and as persistent as any enfant terrible, if he thought you were depriving him of a story.

Though tears creep into my eyes at the same moment, yet must I laugh whenever I think of Mr. Barrett's last "call" upon me. We were, without knowing it, stopping in the same hotel. On the way to the dining-room for a bit of lunch, my husband and Mr. Barrett met, exchanged greetings, and when the latter found I was not going to luncheon, and was, moreover, suffering from a most severe attack of neuralgia, he asked if he could not call upon me for a few moments.

Mr. Harriott looked doubtful, and while he hesitated, Mr. Barrett hastily added:

"Of course, I shall merely say how do you do, and express my sympathy, since I know something about neuralgia myself; that's all."

Upon which they turned back, and Mr. Harriott ushered the unexpected, the spick-and-span caller into my presence, with the reassuring words, "Mr. Barrett is sparing a moment or two of his time, Clara, to express his sympathy for you."

When a woman knows she is an "object", words of welcome for the unexpected visitor are apt to come haltingly from the tongue; and that I was an "object" no one can deny. A loose pink dressing-gown was bad; a knit white shawl, huddled about the shoulders, was worse; but, oh, worst of all, my hair was all scrambled up on the top of my head (hair was dressed low then), and a broad handkerchief bandage concealed from the eye, but not from the nose, the presence of a remedial poultice of flour and brandy.

I was aghast for a moment, but the warm pressure of Mr. Barrett's hand, his brightening eye, gave me such an impression of sincerity in his pleased greeting, that I forgot I was an "object", and asked him to sit down for a chat as eagerly as though I had had on all my war paint.

We were soon exchanging memories of the past, and Mr. Harriott, having a business engagement, excused himself and withdrew; Mr. Barrett calling after him, "I'll join you in a moment," resumed his conversation. There still stood on the table a pot of tea, and a plate holding two pieces of toast. They had been meant for my lunch; but neuralgia had the call, and lunch had been ignored. We talked on and on, and presently Mr. Barrett,

seeing my bandage sliding down over my eyes, rose and, without pausing in his rapid description of a certain picture he had seen abroad in its creator's studio, passed behind me, tightened the knot of the handkerchief, put the sofa pillow behind my head, a stool under my feet, and resumed his seat.

Then I talked and talked, and grew excited, then thirsty. I drew the tray nearer and poured a cup of tea.

"Give me some", said Mr. Barrett, who was now telling me about a sitting of Parliament in London.

"Let me order some that's fresh," I replied.

"No, no!", he said impatiently "that will be such an interruption - no, no!"

I gave him then a cup of cold tea. Presently I broke off a bit of the stiff, cold toast, with its chilled, pale gleam of butter, and nibbled it. His hand went forth and broke off a bit also. We were on a new poem then, and Mr. Barrett seemed thrilled to his fingertips with the delight of it. He repeated lines, I questioned his reading; we experimented, placing emphasis first on this word, then on that. We generally agreed, but we disagreed over Gladstone.

How fiercely we clashed over the "grand old man", those who knew Mr. Barrett will guess from the fact that during the fray he excitedly undid two buttons of his tight frock coat. The ends of his white silk muffler finally hung down his back, fluttering when he moved, like a small pair of white wings. I have a recollection, too, of his rising and lighting the gas, apparently unconscious of his act, while he passionately demanded of me the reason why Dickens could not create a real woman.

At last we came up hard and fast against "Hamlet". The air was thick with stories. Part of the time we talked together in our eagerness. Mr. Barrett's coat was quite unbuttoned; the curl on his wide brow had grown as frizzly as any common curl might grow. Two round, red spots spread over his high cheek-bones; his eyes were hungrily glowing; he had just taken a long breath and made a start on an audience with the Pope, when Mr. Harriott entered, and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Barrett, there's a man outside who is very anxiously inquiring for you."

"For me!" exclaimed Mr. Barrett, with astonishment; "that's rather impertinent, it seems to me."

Suddenly he noticed the gaslight. He started violently. He pulled out his watch, then sprang to his feet, crying, "Good God! Harriott, that's my dresser looking for me; I ought to be in my dressing-room. What will Mr. Booth think has become of me? And what in heaven's name, do you two think of me?"

He hastily buttoned himself into rigidity, rescued the flying ends of his muffler, and holding my hands for a moment, he laughed: "You are not only 'just Clara', but you are the only Clara that could make me so utterly forgetful of all rules of etiquette. Forgive and good-bye!" and he made an astonishingly hasty exit.

The "call," that lasted from one to seven, with the accompanying picture of the stately Lawrence Barrett drinking cold tea and eating stiff, cold toast while he talked brilliantly of all things under heaven, is one of my quaintest memories.

One loves to think of those years of his close relations with Mr. Booth. Artistically, the combination was an ideal one; commercially, it was a most successful one; while it certainly brought out qualities of gentleness and devotion in Mr. Barrett that the public had not accredited him with.

The position of manager and co-star was a difficult one, and only Barrett's loving comprehension of Booth's peculiarities, as well as his greatness, made that position tenable. Mr. Booth loathed business details; he was sorrowful and weary; he had tasted all the sweets the world had to offer, but only their tang of bitterness was left upon his lips; and though he had grown coldly indifferent to the call of the public, Mr. Barrett believed that under this ash of lassitude, there still glowed the clear fire of genius, and when they went forth to try their great experiment, Mr. Booth found himself respected, honored, guarded, as any woman might have been. He was asked no questions about scene or scenery, about play or percentage; his privacy and peace were ever of the first consideration. Mr. Barrett was his agent, manager, stage-manager, friend, co-worker, and dramatic guardian angel; all he asked of him in return was to act.

And how splendidly Mr. Booth responded the public can well remember. As he said laughingly to a friend, at the end of the first season; "Good work, eh? Well, why should I not do good work after all Barrett has done for me? Why, I never knew what c-o-m-f-o-r-t spelled before. I arrive; some one says, 'Here's your room, Mr. Booth; I go in and smoke. At night, some one says 'Here's your dressing room, sir,' and I go in and dress - yes, and smoke, and then act. That's all, absolutely all that I have to do - except to

put out my hand and take my surprisingly big share of the receipts now and then. Good work, eh? Well I'll give him the best that's in me; he deserves it."

And in the beautiful friendship that grew up between the Melancholy, gentle Booth and the nervously energetic Barrett, I believe each gave to the other the best that was in him.

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### LAWRENCE BARRETT

Characterized by William Winter as "one of the noblest figures of the modern stage", Barrett was born in Paterson, N. J., and made his stage debut in that city in 1853. He co-starred with Edwin Booth from 1887 until his death in 1891, his greatest parts being Cassius, Hamlet, Lear and Shylock.